

# YANKEE AIR PIRATES

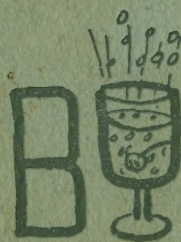


1st Col  
Dennis O. Boyle  
354th TFS



Commander

SONGS  
TO  
DRINK



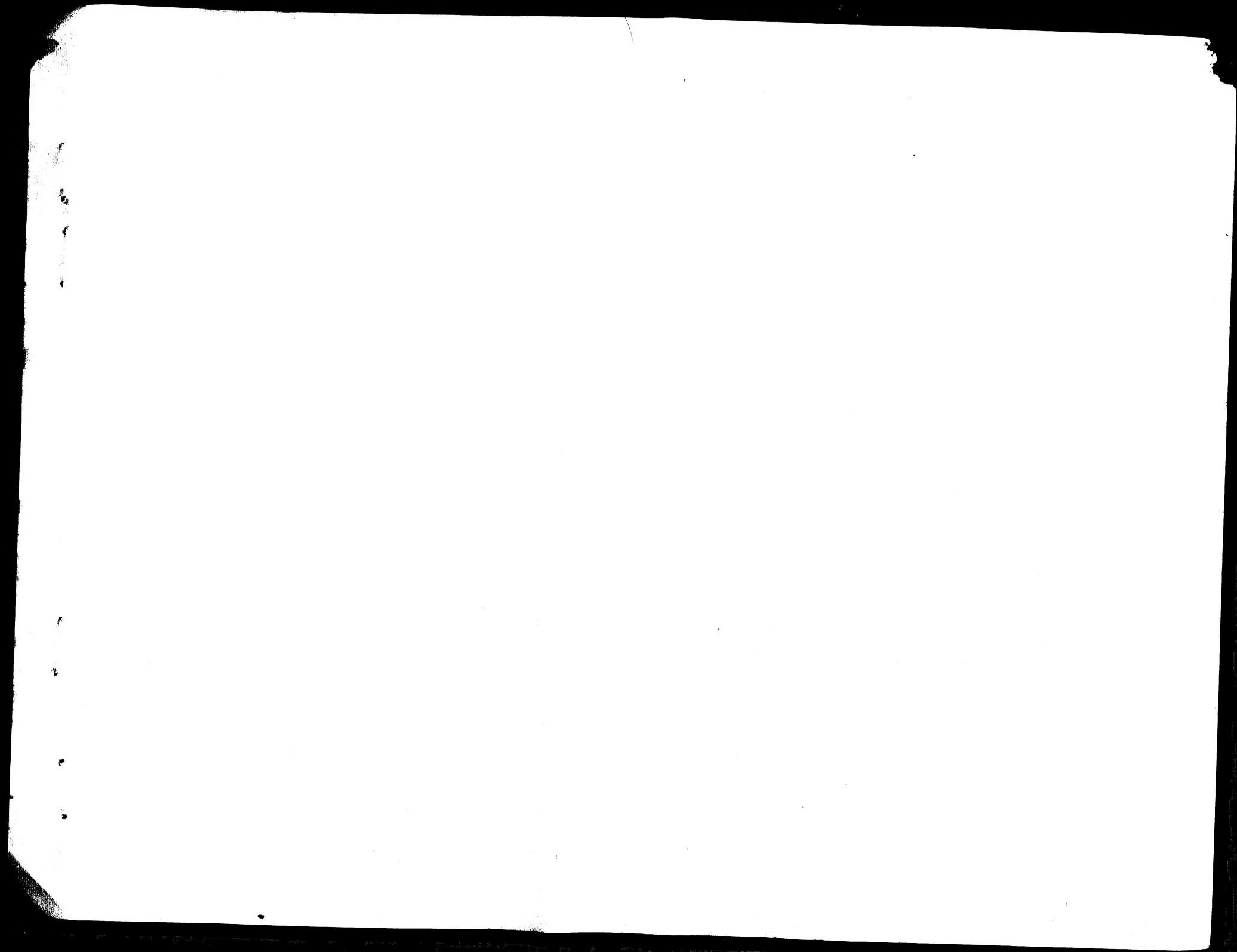
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### WILL THE MIGS COME OUT TO PLAY (1)

Tune: My Indiana Home

When the SAMs start rising from old Haiphong  
Harbor,

And the 85's start puffing at Kep Hay,  
You will know your target's just  
around that mountain

And you wonder if the MIGs will come to play

Oh, you reach your pull up point and  
start your pop up,  
And the tracers seem to urge you on your way,  
You see the bridge and as you start  
your roll in,  
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've dropped your bombs and now  
you're off and running,  
Jinking hard you're on your merry way,  
And as you reach the jagged limestone  
ridges,  
You wonder if the MIGs will come to play.

Oh, you've reached the coast and all  
the sea is friendly  
Your fuel is low, but not too low you say,  
I can make it back to Korat nice and easy,  
If only the MIGs don't come to play.

Oh, you start your climb and now you're  
resting easy,  
A drink of water helps you on your way,  
But a glint of light, a speck up high,  
and you know,  
The MIGs have fin-al-ly come out to play.

Oh, your burner's lit, you're diving  
down, you're running,  
But his overtake is much to great today,  
In your dinghy bobbing on the Gulf of  
Tonkin,

You wish the MIGs just hadn't come  
to play!!!

### THE THUD DRIVERS THEME (2)

Tune: Whiffenpoof Song

From a hootch in Southeast Asia,  
To the place where aces dwell  
To the strip club down at Zuke  
We knew so well.

Sing the fighter jocks assembled  
With their glasses raised on high,  
Sing they poorly not too clearly,  
loud as well

We will throw our glasses wildly,  
And throw our bombs as well  
And the finks at Two A.D. can go to hell

We are poor fighter jocks who have lost  
our way,  
Help---Help---Help. We flew to the town  
of Hanoi today, Help---Help---Help  
Steely eyed pilots up in the blue,  
Lead got zapped by an SA-2,  
Let's haul ass or they'll zapp us too,  
A-----B-----now!!!

### OH LITTLE TOWN OF HO-CHI-MIN (3)

Oh little town of Ho-Chi-Min  
How safe you think you lie  
Beneath your ring of SA-2s  
You think the "Fives" won't fly.  
Yet through the cloud deck raineth  
A deadly trail of bombs,  
Too late for fear, the end is near.  
How about that TBC???



## REPUBLIC'S ULTRA HOG (4)

Tune: Wabash Cannonball

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and  
the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the  
BAC-9 and the trees.  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as  
you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in  
Republic's Ultra Hog.

We came up from old Korat one steamy  
summer day,  
As we pitched up on the target you  
could hear all the gunners say,  
"She's big and fat and ugly, she's really  
quite a dog,  
She's known around the country as  
Republic's Ultra Hog."

Here's to MacNamara, his name will  
always smell,  
He'll always be remembered down in  
Fighter Pilots Hell,  
He frags all the targets and sends us  
out to die,  
He sends us into combat in  
Republic's 105

Listen to the jingle the gruntin' and  
the wheeze,  
As she rolls along the runway by the  
BAC-9 and the trees,  
Hear the mighty roarin' engine as  
you leap off in the fog,  
You're flying through the jungle in  
Republic's Ultra Hog!!!

## THE HO-CHI-MIN TRAIL (5)

Tune: The Navajo Trail

Everyday along about sunrise  
When the sky line is beginning to pale;  
I load six seven-fifties  
And fly the Ho-Chi-Min Trail.

I hate to see the flak a burstin' 'round  
me,  
I shiver when I think about it's sting  
But over yonder hill the SAMs are rising  
They always seem to yank my pucker  
string.

Well, what do you know, it's Bingo al-  
ready,  
And two hundreds the course that I sail.  
Tomorrow I'll load more seven-fifties  
and fly the Ho-Chi-Min Trail.

## DASHING THROUGH THE SKY (6)

Tune: Dashing Through the Snow

Dashing through the sky,  
In a Foxtrot one-oh five,  
Through the flack we fly  
Trying to stay alive,  
The SAMs destroy our calm,  
The MIGs come up to play  
What fun it is to strafe and bomb  
The T. R. V. today.

### CHORUS

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,  
Daddy Vulcan strikes again  
Our Christmas gift to you.

Trying to stay alive,  
The SAMs destroy our calm,  
The MIGs come up to play  
That fun is it to strafe and bomb  
The T.R.V. today?

(CHORUS)

CBUs, Mark 82s, 750s too,  
Daddy Vulcan strikes again,  
Our Christmas gift to you.

Heads up Ho-Chi-Min,  
The "Fives are on their way,  
Your luck it has give in,  
Ther's gonna be hell to pay,  
Today it is our turn,  
To make you gawk and stare.  
What fun it is to watch things burn  
And blow up everywhere!!!

(CHORUS)

#### THE RED RIVER VALLEY (7)

To the valley he said he was flying  
and he never saw the pay that he earned.  
Many jocks have flown into the valley  
And a number have never returned.

So I listened as he briefed on the mission.  
Tonight at the bar TEAK flight will sing,  
But we're goin' to the Red River Valley  
and today you're flying my wing.

Oh the flack is so thick in the valley,  
That the MIGs and the missiles we don't need  
So fly high and down sun in the valley  
And guard well the ass of TEAK lead.

Now if things turn to shit in the valley  
And the briefing that I gave you don't heed,  
They'll be waiting at the Hanoi Hilton  
And it's fish heads and rice for TEAK lead.

We refueled on the way to the valley.  
In the States it had always been fun,  
But with thunder and lightning all around us,  
'Twas the last A.A.R. for TEAK one.

Oh, he flew through the flack toward the tar-  
get

With his bombs and his rockets drew a bead,  
But he never pulled out of his bomb run,  
'Twas fatal for another TEAK lead.

So come and sit by my side at the briefings,  
We will sit there and tickle the heads,  
For we're going to the Red River Valley  
And my callsign today is TEAK lead!

#### OUR LEADERS (8) Tune: Manana

At Phillips Range in Kansas  
The jocks all had the knack  
But now that we're in combat  
We got Colonels on our back  
And every time we say "Shit Hot"  
or whistle in the bar  
We have to answer to somebody  
Looking for a star.

(CHORUS)

Our leaders, Our leaders,  
Our leaders is what they always say,  
But it's bullshit, it's bullshit,  
It's bullshit they feed us every day.

Today we had a hot one  
And the jocks were scared as Hell.  
They ran to meet us with a beer  
and tell us we were swell,  
But Recce took the B.D.A.,  
And said we missed a hair.  
Now we'll catch all kinds of hell  
From the Wheels at Second Air.  
(CHORUS)



They send us out in bunches  
To bomb a bridge and die  
These tactics are for bombers  
That our leaders used to fly.  
The bastards don't trust our Colonel up  
in Wing, and so I guess,  
We have to leave the thinking to  
The Wheels in J.C.S.!

(CHORUS)

The J.C.S. are generals  
And they're not always right.  
Sometimes they have to think it over  
Well into the night.  
When they have a question  
Or something they can't hack,  
They have to leave the judgment to  
That money saving Mac!

(CHORUS)

Now Mac's job is in danger  
For he's on salary too.  
To be the final say so  
Is something he can't do  
Before we fly the mission  
And everything O.K.  
He has to get permission from  
Flight Leader L.B.J.!

ON TOP OF THE POP UP (9)

Tune: On Top of Old Smokey

On top of the pop up  
And flat on my back,  
I lost my poor wingman  
In a big hail of flak.

Guard channel was silent  
The sites were all dead,

Until we rolled in  
And looked up ahead.

The sky filled with fireballs,  
The missiles flashed by  
Sweet Mother of Jesus,  
We're all going to die.

Number two called "I'm hit  
I'm going to bust"  
Not one Goddamned Elint  
A poor jock can trust.

So come ye young pilots  
And listen to Dad,  
Forget about jinking  
And your ass has been had.

They'll hit you and burn you,  
Their flak reaches far,  
It's a long walk to Takhli,  
And a beer at the bar.

THE THANH HOA BRIDGE (10)

Tune: The Strawberry Roan

I was hanging around Ops in this sweaty  
crime,  
Just cussin' the schedule and my lack  
of time,  
When up walks this Colonel and says,  
"I suppose  
You're a trained killer by the looks  
of your clothes."  
Well I looked him up once and I looked  
him down twice.  
I could tell by his sneer he weren't  
thinkin' nice,

So I said in a voice that shook with  
the fear,  
I'm your man if you buy the beer."

The Colonel then said, "I've a place  
in mind  
Where you can go, if you're not blind,  
They've flak and MIGs and SAMs and such,  
I need a man that's good in the clutch."  
I get all het up and ask what I'd get,  
'Twas a kick in the ass if I didn't hit.  
I told him I'd go cause they haven't found  
A target in Hell that I couldn't pound.

We jump in his car and go to the line.  
He stops by a "Nickle" that's tied up  
in twine,  
"This is your bird, now get on your way."  
I could tell at a glance I'd sure earn  
my pay.  
I crank the beast up and I taxi on out,  
As I leave the chocks I hear the chief  
shout,  
"The oil pressure's low, the water  
don't work,  
And the stab aug's got one hell of a  
jerk.

I give him a grin and waggle my thumb,  
This one's a counter and I'm not so dumb.  
Well I take on off at two hundred per,  
I got two on the wings and a full loaded  
mer.  
I struggle on up to ten thousand feet,  
Send down the tanker or we'll never meet.

Well I take on my gas and head out  
on course.  
I call for a steer until I am hoarse.  
But Lion is down and Invert won't say,  
and Brigham says I'm not going his way.

Well I'm off on my own and all for  
the best,  
Those bastards don't know the East  
from the West.  
Now I get over Thanh Hoa and I look  
for the bridge,  
They said it was South but it's East  
of the ridge.  
I roll in on my run, it looks easy  
as pie,  
'Til the flak starts burstin' and  
coverin' the sky.

I coolly compute all the mils I will need  
And calmly adjust both angle and speed.  
I check my drift and with the bridge  
in my sight,  
I mash on the button and pull off  
to the right,  
Well I check back at six and I see  
this big bird,  
He's a closing in fast and he's sure  
riding herd.  
As he flashes by there's a Red Star  
on each side,  
It must be a MIG and there's no place  
to hide.

I head for the deck with all that she's  
got,  
When along comes this SAM-my God  
I've been shot!  
While driftin' down in my chute  
all alone  
I'm finally convinced that I'm no  
"smokin' stone".  
I'm wishin' I was back in Kansas  
right now  
With a face-full of horseshit, my



hand on the plow  
but that ain't so and I'm down in  
the drink  
a day like today can sure make a man  
think!

Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge  
Oh that Thanh Hoa Bridge  
They've flak and missiles, you're  
some sittin' duck  
At downing good pilots they've had  
lots of luck.

I LOVE MY WIFE (11)

I love my wife, yes I do, yes I do, yes  
I do  
I love her truly  
I love the hole that she pisses through  
I love her ruby red lips  
Her lilly white tits  
The hair around her asshole  
I'd eat her shit, gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble,  
with a wooden spoon.

SALLY IN THE ALLEY (12)

Sally in the alley sifting cinders  
raised up her leg and farted like a  
man  
The wind from her bloomers, broke six  
windows  
The cheeks of her ass went:  
BAM!, BAM!, BAM!

UP IN THAT VALLEY (13)

Tune: Down in the Valley

Up in that valley,  
that valley so low.  
Where the SAM missiles flourish,  
And the 85's glow.

The Thai Nguyen steel plant,  
the Hanoi rail yard,  
The bridges at Bac Giang,  
They've played their trump card.

The Iron Hands mill right,  
and the strike pilots flail.  
The MIGs try to bounce us,  
But they always fail.

The MIG cap, he hollers,  
"There's bandits at twelve!"  
"Launch!" screams the Weasel.  
It's better in hell.

The flak is a-burstin'  
right next to my hide.  
All I can hear is,  
"you're lagging behind."

We're down on the bomb run.  
the target's in sight  
"Sweet Jesus," I'm thinking,  
"I'd better break right."

We're breaking for Thud Ridge,  
What a beautiful sight.  
Oh shit! I just noticed  
An overheat light.

My heart is a-pumping,  
I know I'm not dead  
Please, God, get this old Thud  
Just out past the Red.

If I can get past  
That muddy old slough,  
The Sandys and Jollys  
Will pull me on through.

I'm past ninety-seven,  
And now I can boast,  
The rest I can finish  
Out over the coast.

Where the tankers don't matter,  
Although I must say,  
I often have seen it,  
Where they're saved the day.

Up in that valley  
That valley of grief,  
I hope all your flights there  
Will always be brief.

Good-bye to that valley,  
So long to Takhli.  
Don't bust your ass, buddy,  
I'm going home free.

POP GOES THE WEASEL (same tune) (14)

Around and around the SAM site  
The missile chased the Weasel.  
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

Willy Peter showed us where  
To roll in to displease 'em  
One more pass with HEI.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,  
Did more than just tease 'em.  
The Russian Techs got all pissed off.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites.  
We grab their balls and squeeze 'em.  
They show their ass, we shoot it off.  
Pop goes the Weasel.

DON'T SEND ME TO HANOI (15)

Tune: Winchester Cathedral

Don't send me to Hanoi.  
Please, don't put my name down.  
The shooting is bad there.  
Don't send me downtown.

The bridges at Bac Giang,  
More milling around.  
Another Brown Anchor,  
I think I'll leave town.

Don't send to Yen Bay  
I don't like that much flak.  
It takes too much damn gas  
To bring my ass back.

Don't send me to Dong Hoi,  
I don't want to get none,  
Those BUF support missions,  
They make my ass numb.

Just send me on milk runs,  
Where there are no big guns.  
I just want to fly where  
It's easy on my bear.



ONE HUNDRED MISSIONS (16)

Tune: When Johnny Comes Marching Home

One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.  
One hundred missions we have flown, Aha, Aha.  
One hundred missions we have flown,  
One hundred bridges we have blown,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha  
From one to one hundred we did count, Aha, Aha  
From one to one hundred we did count,  
But now one half or more don't count,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha  
They said they'd give us combat pay, Aha, Aha  
They said they'd give us combat pay,  
And then the bastards took it away,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha  
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli, Aha, Aha  
We're Iron Hands from old Takhli,  
Our hearts beat fast, we think we'll pee,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha  
The Weasels fly around alone, Aha, Aha  
The Weasels fly around alone,  
With half a flight they head for home,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha  
The force rolls in amidst the flak, Aha, Aha

The force rolls in amidst the flak,  
One half or more won't make it back,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha  
Not many will return alive, Aha, Aha  
Not many will return alive,  
Who flew the bloody 105,  
But you can't return till Lyndon gives the  
word.

HALLELUJAH (same tune) (17)

Chorus: Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Here's a tanker full of gas  
To save a fighter pilot's ass.  
Hallelujah! Hallelujah!  
Put your gas-hole on the boom  
And you'll be saved.

I was cruising at six angels  
In my foxtrot 105,  
Thinking 'bout the Poo-Ying  
Back in the Takhli dive,  
When a sudden burst of ack-ack  
Was all around the sky  
Mayday! Mayday! Mayday!  
My tanks are running dry!

(CHORUS)

So I squawked my parrot mayday  
And called up GCI,  
Asking for a tanker  
To keep me in the sky.  
Well, the Airman-third controller  
Said, "Please, don't go away.  
Let me call up Seventh  
To see if it's okay."

(CHORUS)

Then a friendly tanker pilot  
Called out, "Fighter jock, no sweat.  
I've got half a jug of coffee,  
So I'm not bingo yet.  
If you get a vector to me  
I'll be glad to pass some gas.  
Turn your twenty mike-mike off,  
And don't shoot up my ass."

(CHORUS)

It was really getting hairy  
As I speed my old Thud south.  
I could feel the cotton rising  
All inside my mouth.  
Then I saw the silver tanker  
And gave a happy shout.  
Then I saw the drogue behind  
And started punching out.

(CHORUS)

WHERE HAVE ALL THE OLD HEADS GONE (18)

Tune: Where Have All The Flowers Gone

Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the soldiers gone?  
They've all gone to Vietnam.  
When will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
Long time ago.

Where have all the Vietnamese gone?  
They've all become Viet Cong.  
Oh, when will we ever learn;  
Oh, when will we ever learn?

Where have all the VC's gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the VC's gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the VC's gone?  
To fix the bridges that we bomb.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time passing.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
Long time ago.  
Where do all the Weasels go?  
O'er the ridge to meet the foe.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the SAM sites gone?  
They've been down, oh, so long.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where do all the strike flights go?  
Long time passing.  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
Long time ago.  
Where do all the strike flights go?  
Cross the fence again, I know.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?



Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the flak sites gone?  
Along the railroad, Oh, so long.  
Oh, when will they ever learn;  
Oh, when will they ever learn?

Where have all the old heads gone?  
Long time passing.  
Where have all the old heads gone?  
Long time ago.  
Where have all the old heads gone?  
They've gone home; their tour is done.  
You see, they've finally learned;  
Oh yes, they've finally learned.

WILD WEASEL (19) Tune: Sweet Betsy From Pike

Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they call me by  
name.  
I fly up on Thud Ridge, and play the big  
game.  
I fly o'er the valleys and hide behind hills;  
I dodge all the missiles, then go in for kills.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot, fine  
bear.  
Come weak guns, some weak guns; they're all  
off at one.  
But don't worry fellows, for threats, there  
are none.  
There's a big one just looking at two o'  
clock now.  
There's flak all around us. They've shooting,  
and how!  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,  
fine bear.  
Keep moving, they're shooting. The target's  
at eight.  
Go burner, now roll in, don't pull it off

straight.  
A missile! A missile! Let's take it on down.  
Oh God, where's that bastard? My flight  
suits turned brown.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,  
fine bear.  
Now pull it up, pull up, and head for the  
sky.  
The missile's at two, boys; now watch it  
sail by.  
There's smoke from the SAM site out there  
in the grass.  
Set 'em up hot, boys, and we'll nail his  
ass.  
I'm lonely Thud driver with a shit-hot,  
fine bear.  
Wild Weasel, Wild Weasel, they've called  
me by name.  
I flew o'er the fence, and I've won the  
big game.  
One hundred, one hundred. I'm heading  
for home.  
And over those damn hills, I'll never  
more roam.  
I'm a lonely Thud driver with a shit-  
hot, fine bear.

12 DAYS OF COMBAT (20)

Tune: 12 Days of Christmas

On the first day of combat, the Air Force  
gave to me a pilot in a teak tree.  
On the second day.....2 rocket pods.  
On the third day.....3 fuel tanks.  
On the fourth day.... 4 AIM 9'S  
On the fifth day.... 5 MIGs To Chase

On the sixth day..... 6 750's

On the seventh day... 7 SAM's a singing

On the eighth day.... 8 Flak sites firing

On the ninth day.... 9 Senators snooping

On the tenth day..... 10 Sandys searching

On the eleventh day.. 11 Choppers whirling

On the twelveth day.. 12 Pooyings waiting

#### HORSE SHIT (21)

There was a pilot of great renown,  
There was a pilot of great renown ,  
There was a pilot of great renown,  
Until he fucked a girl from our town--  
Fucked a girl from our town--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her in a feather bed,  
He laid her in a feather bed, he  
laid her in a feather bed,  
and then he twisted out her maidenhead,  
Twisted out her maidenhead--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on a winding stair,  
He laid her on a winding stair,  
He laid her on a winding stair,  
and-then-he shoved it in clear up to there--  
Shoved it in clear up to there--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump,  
He laid her down beside a stump,  
and-then-he missed her cunt and split  
the stump--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her down beside a pond,  
He laid her down beside a pond,  
He laid her down beside a pond,  
and-then-he fucked her with his magic wand,  
fucked her with his magic wand--  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He laid her on the dewey grass,  
He laid her on the dewey grass,  
He laid her on the dewey grass,  
and-then-he shoved the old boy up her ass,  
Shoved the old boy up her ass  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit.

He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside,  
He took her to the countryside,  
and-then-he fucked the girl until she died,  
Fucked the girl until she died,  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

He took her to the Burial Ground,  
He took her to the Burial Ground,  
He took her to the Burial Ground,  
And-then-he thought he'd have another round,  
Thought he'd have another round,  
Ha Ha Ha, Ho Ho Ho, Horse Shit

I WANTED WINGS (22) S.E.A. Version

I've been alive  
Twenty years, plus four or five,  
And I've tried many a pursuit.  
I went to pilot school,  
Learned the ropes and learned the rules,  
And got my wings and my blue suit.

And then I went to get upgraded  
And like a fool I made it.  
Then they made me number four,  
And then they sent me off to war,  
Buster.

I wanted wings.  
Till I got the goddamn things;  
Now I don't want them anymore.

The Republic Thunderchief  
Is just twenty tons of grief.  
The dirty sons-of bitches  
Filled it with three-hundred switches.  
Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things;  
Now I don't want them anymore.

To keep my body alive  
They taught me to survive  
At a place nestled in the hills.  
They fed my procupine,  
And other goodies fine;  
Pemmican to cure all my ills.

And in three weeks I had made it.  
They said I'd graduated.  
Well, buddy, if that's livin'  
I think that I'll just give in,  
Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things;  
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your he-man training  
In the snow, and when it's raining.  
I'd rather be a weenie  
With my tootie and martini,

Buster  
I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things;  
Now I don't want them anymore.

I don't want to stay, .  
But I cannot get away.  
In Hanoi they all love parades.  
Each day we take a walk  
Through Hanoi Central Park,  
Not dressed in style, I'm afraid.

Oh, those little yellow mammas  
Dressed us all in black pajamas,  
Spectators, they just sit there,  
Sometimes throw rocks, sometimes spit  
there.

Buster.  
I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things;  
Now I don't want them anymore.

You can have your 105  
I'd much rather stay alive.  
The lousy afterburner  
Gets you north just that much sooner,  
Buster.

I wanted wings  
Till I got the goddamn things;  
Now I don't want them anymore.

These lines are in jest;  
Thud drivers are the best,  
At flying 'n chasing women, too.  
The goods they deliver  
Are sure to make Ho shiver,  
And wish to hell this war was through.

And for some it is all over.  
They lie down beneath the clover,  
For they did go down in flames,  
But we will not forget their names,

Buster.

They wanted wings  
And they've truly got their wings,  
And they will wear them evermore.

For there are no regualtions  
For those heaven-bound formations,  
If they don't like it, well  
They can split-S down to Hell,

Buster.

They wanted wings  
And they've truly got their wings,  
And they will wear them evermore.

#### ROLL YOUR LEG OVER (23)

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in  
the ocean.  
And I were a whale I would teach them  
emotion.

Chorus: Oh roll your leg over, Oh roll  
your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over the man in the moon

Oh, if all little girls were like bells in  
the tower.  
And I were a clapper I'd bang by the hour

Oh, if all little girls were like fish in  
the river  
And I were a sandbar I'd sure make them  
quiver

Oh, if all little girls were like sheep  
in the pasture.  
And I were a ram I'd make them run faster

Oh, if all little girls were like little  
white rabbits  
And I were a hare I would teach them  
bad habits

Oh, if all little girls were like little  
red vixens  
And I were a fox I surely would fix 'em

Oh, if all little girls were like Hedy  
Lamarr  
I'd try twice as hard and get twice as far.

Oh, if all little girls were like cows in  
the clover  
And I were a bull I would chase them  
all over

Oh, if all little girls were like little  
white flowers  
And I was a bee I would buzz them for  
hours

Oh, if all little girls were like little  
white chickens  
And I was a roster I'd give them the  
dickens

Oh, if all little girls were like little  
ole turtles  
And I was a turtle I'd get in their  
girdles

Oh, if all little girls were like Gypsy  
Rose Lee  
And I were her G-String oh boy what I'd  
see

Oh, if all little girls were like nurses  
who would  
And I were a doctor I would if I could

ROLL YOUR LEG OVER

I wish little girls were like little white rabbits,  
And I were a buck and I'd teach them bad habits

CHORUS: Oh roll your leg over, oh roll your leg over  
Oh roll your leg over, it's better than way

I wish all young girls were like statues of Venus  
And I were a man with a petrified penis

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bats in a steeple  
And I were a bat there'd be more bats than people

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mountain road passes  
And I were a sports car I'd buzz all their asses

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like diamonds and rubies  
And I were a jeweler I'd polish their boobies

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like B-29's and I were  
a Fighter pilot, I'd buzz their behinds

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like strawberry patches  
And I were a farmer I'd harvest their snatches.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like fish in a pool  
And I were a shark with a water proof tool.

CHORUS:

Continued next page

Roll Your Leg Over (Continued)

I wish all young girls were like fish in the ocean  
And I were a wave I'd show them the motions.

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like trees in a forest  
And I were a woodsman I'd split their Clitoris

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like bricks in a pile  
And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

CHORUS:

I wish all young girls were like mares in a stable  
And I were a groom I'd mount all I was able

CHORUS:



Oh, if all little girls were like bricks  
in a pile

And I were a mason I'd lay them in style

Oh, I wish that all girls were like fish  
in a pool

And I were a chap with a waterproof tool

MY GOD HOW THE MONEY ROLLS IN (24)

Tune: My Bonnie lies over the ocean

My father makes rum in the bathtub

My mother makes two kinds of gin

My sister makes love for a living

My God how the money rolls in

Chorus:

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money  
rolls in, rolls in.

Rolls in, rolls in, my God how the money  
rolls in

My brother's a poor missionary

He saves little girlies from sin

He'll save you a blonde for five dollars

My God how the money rolls in

My uncle paints real frenchy postcards

My auntie she poses for him

Her costume cost nary a penny

My God how the money rolls in

My father he died in the bathtub

My mother she died of her gin

My sister she married my brother

MY GOD WHAT A MESS I AM IN.

WOODPECKER SONG Tune: Dixie (25)

Oh, I stuck my finger in a woodpecker's  
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul

Take it out, take it out, take it out,  
remove it

So, I removed my finger from the woodpecker's  
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul

Put it back, put it back, put it back,  
replace it

I replace my finger in the woodpecker's  
hole

The woodpecker said God bless my soul

Turn it around, turn it around, turn it  
around, revolve it

I revolved my finger in the woodpecker's  
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul

In and out, in and out, in and out, re-  
ciprocate it

I reciprocated my finger in the woodpecker's  
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul

Pull it out, pull it out, pull it out,  
retract it

I retracted my finger from the woodpecker's  
hole

And the woodpecker said God bless my soul

Take a smell, take a smell, take a smell,  
revolting.

THE YELLOW ROSE OF HANOI (26)

Tune: The Yellow Rose of Texas

There's a yellow rose in Hanoi  
Who loves a fighter crew.  
She runs the Hanoi Hilton  
And she longs to welcome you.  
Her father's name is Ho Chi Minh  
He has a long goatee.  
And if you greet him nicely,  
He will let you stay for free.

CHORUS: Her eyes are shaped like almonds,  
And I'll give you a hunch,  
I don't want to meet her family,  
Cause they're a nasty bunch.  
It's fish heads and rice for breakfast  
And fish heads and rice for tea.  
But so long as they don't catch me,  
No fish heads and rice for me.

Oh, you may fly a Phantom,  
Or you may fly a Thud,  
But if you fly to Hanoi,  
Better listen to me Bud.  
You may talk of girls in Bangkok,  
Or Los Angeles and such,  
But the yellow rose of Hanoi  
Is just a bit too much.

CHORUS:

Da Nang Lullabye

Tune: My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean

CHORUS: Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in.  
Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia  
To fight my own war in the air.  
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,  
I don't think that its really fair.

CHORUS:

Each day I go off to fly combat,  
Then have a beer when I return.  
I usually finish the first one,  
Before incoming rounds are heard.

CHORUS:

Each morning we go off to combat,  
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.  
The Gyreens are up even sooner,  
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

CHORUS:

And now my tour is all over  
I'll resume the life that I led.  
My wife thinks that its rather silly,  
To put sandbags around our bed.

CHORUS:

WE'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD (27)

We've been working on the railroad  
Every fucking day.  
We've been working on the railroad,  
Up Thai Nguyen way.

Uncle Ho ain't got no railroad,  
No rolling stock or switches,  
But Seventh frags us on the railroad,  
Those dirty sons of bitches.

SAM's galore, 57's too,  
85's will scragg your old Yazoo!  
Fuck, Shit, Hate, Shit Hot too  
So what the hell is new.

Someone's up a tree on Thud Ridge,  
Someone's in the drink I know o-o-o-o  
Someone's in the karst near Hoa Lac,  
Shouting on the radio.

Shouting, Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh  
Fee, Fi Fiddly-i-oh, oh, oh, oh  
Fee, Fi Jolly Green Oh  
Only 99 more to go.

#1 Clismas Song (28)  
Tune:

Chestnuts roasting on a Thailand fire,  
Bull frogs singing in the choir,  
Samlars singing Ho, Ho, Ho,  
It's Melly Clismas you know.

Geicos crawling across the cold bare floor,  
Flied lice cooking on the stove,  
Tee Lucks kissing neath the mistle toe,  
It's Melly Climas you know.

Sweet lips waiting for my tender kiss,  
Garlic breath gets in my way,  
VC's roasting in an napalm fire.  
Melly Clismas Uncle.Ho.

Cripples limping down a small side street,  
Napalm rising at their feet,  
I dropped it low, but they went too slow,  
Melly Clismas dear Ho.

VC making love near rice paddy,  
Tee Lucks eyes are all aglow,  
Twenty mike-mikes up his ass,  
Tee Luck screaming go, go, go.

Wolf Pack sends greetings from old Robin Olds,  
Chappie joined him over there,  
We'll carry on, the stars will be bright,  
Over Ubon Rjachtani tonight...

Song of the Wolf Pack (29)  
Tune Ghost Riders In The Sky

Oh pilots of the Wolf Pack  
Go to the briefing room  
The mission is a good one  
To the MIGS it will mean doom  
We're going up to Hanoi  
To Kep and Phuc Yen too  
To write our bloody record  
In the annals of the blue

We take off in our Phantoms  
To play our deadly cards  
The engines make our thunder  
And our eyes are steely hard  
We're on the way to battle  
The forces of the foe  
We're certain to destroy them  
We'll seek them high and low.

We battle today, and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the sky

We cycle through the tanker  
The tension starts to rise  
We go to meet our destiny  
Awaiting in the skies  
We tune and arm our missiles  
As we streak across the black  
Our boss is in the forefront  
Leading the Wolf Pack

We're showing on their radar  
Their hearts are full of hate  
They rise to meet the challenge  
To meet their bloody fate  
They're headed for disaster  
As any fool can tell  
They dare to face the Wolf Pack  
We'll shoot them clear to hell

Continued next page

Song of the Wolf Pack (Continued)

We battle today, and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the Sky

Wolf Pack lead says "Contact"  
They're MIGS, a flight of two  
I'm too close for the sparrow  
The sidewinder will do  
I'll roll into the six o'clock  
Behind the trailing MIG  
And let him have a missile  
Just like a fiery GIG

Oh other flights engaged more MIGS  
Hot action filled the air  
The Wolf Pack's lust was sated  
Before heading for their lair  
The enemy won't soon forget  
The awesome deadly toll  
As the 8th Wing troops return to base  
And make their victory rolls

We battle today and make our kills  
The Wolf Pack in the sky.

If You Fly (30)

CHORUS: Did you go BOOM today?  
Did you go BOOM today?  
Two more blew up yesterday  
G.E. ain't here to stay.

If you fly an Eighty-nine  
You must be deaf, dumb and blind  
For you life ain't worth a dime,  
What's your scheduled blow up time?

If you fly a ninety-four  
You will never holler no more,  
For your lot we do not pine  
It's better than an Eighty-nine.

CHORUS:

If you fly an Eighty-six  
You will really get your kicks  
Bouncing those sub-sonic boys  
Playing with their radar toys.

CHORUS:

If you fly a 101  
Tell yourself its really fun  
One day it will pitch up with you  
And you will wish you never flew

CHORUS:

If you fly a 102  
Don't go up unless its blue  
For if you feel one drop of rain  
You'll be in pieces not a plane.

CHORUS:

If You Fly (Continued)

If you fly a 104  
The whole world flocks to your door  
Range is short, the wings don't last  
But golly it sure does fly fast

CHORUS:

If you fly a Thunderchief  
You will soon shake like a leaf  
Flying it may make you sick  
It handles like a great big brick

CHORUS:

If you fly a Phantom two  
You're flying days will soon be through  
It flies at twice the speed of sound  
If you can get it off the ground

CHORUS:



ADELINE SCHMIDT (31)

There once was a maiden named  
Adeline Schmidt  
She went to the doctor cause she  
couldn't shit  
He gave her some medicine all  
wrapped up in glass  
Up went the window and out went  
her ass.

CHORUS:

It was brown, brown shit  
falling down  
Brown, brown shit all around  
It was brown, brown shit falling down  
Covered all over with SHIT, SHIT,  
SHIT, SHIT.

A handsome young copper was  
walking his beat  
He happened to be on that side of the  
street  
He looked up so bashful, he looked  
up so shy  
And a great gob of shit hit him right  
in the eye.

The handsome young copper, he cursed  
and he swore  
He called that young maiden a dirty  
old whore  
'Neath London bridge he is now forced  
to sit  
With a sign round his neck saying  
"blinded by shit".

NAPALM (32)

Tune: Good ship Titanic

It was up by Hanoi where the Red meets the sea  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see  
When I spied a farmer with his pitchfork in  
his hand  
It was sad when my napalm went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad  
It was sad when my napalm went down (hit  
the farmer)  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives  
It was sad when the napalm went down.

It was up by Dong Hoi where I won my DFC  
I was out on a recce to see what I could see.  
When I spied a church below and I let my rockets go,  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad  
It was sad when those rockets went down  
(hit the steeple)  
All the people ran like hell,  
When those rockets hit the bell,  
It was sad when those rockets went down.

It was up by Thi Nuyen when I knew I was through  
The 37's and 57's had shot my turbine through,  
It was when I hit the silk, oh my God, I strained  
my milk!  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

CHORUS:

It was sad, oh, it was sad  
It was sad when that pilot went down (hit  
the bottom)  
There were husbands and wives  
Itty bitty children lost their lives  
It was sad when that pilot went down.

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (33)  
Tune: On Top Of Old Smokey

On top of old Thud Ridge  
All covered with flak  
I lost my poor wing man  
He'll never get back

For flying is a pleasure  
And dying a grief,  
And a quick triggered Commie  
Is worse than a thief

For a thief will just rob you  
And take all you save  
But a quick triggered Commie  
Will send you to the grave.

The grave will decay you  
And turn you to dust  
Not a Commie in a thousand  
Can an old F-4 trust.

Now when the bad weather  
Keeps the ships down  
All day we can hear this  
Horrible sound:

"Attention all pilots  
Now listen to this  
There'll be a short meeting  
That you dare not miss."

They'll give us some lectures  
Then give us some more,  
But we have all heard them  
Twenty-five times or more.

On Top Of Old Thud Ridge (Continued)

Now listen you trainees  
You can't fight the group  
Whatever they tell you  
Is superfluous poop.

Now the moral of this story  
Is easy to see  
Don't go to Haiphong  
Or old Quang Khe

SING US ANOTHER ONE DO (34)

There was a young man from Boston  
Who traded his car for an Austin  
There was room for his ass and a gallon  
of gas  
But his balls hung out and he lost' em

Chorus:

Ay, Ay, Yi, Yi  
In China they never eat Chili,  
So sing me another verse  
That's worse than the other verse  
And waltz me around again Willie

There was a young man from Dundee  
Who buggered an ape in a tree  
The result was most horrid, all ass and  
no forehead  
Three balls and a purple goatee.

There once was a man of class  
Whose balls were made of brass  
When they swung together, they played  
stormy weather  
And lighting shot out of his ass.

There was a young man from Sparta  
Who was the worlds champion farter  
On the strength of one bean, he played  
God save the Queen  
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata,

There once was a man from Rangoon  
Who was born by the light of the moon  
He had not the luck, to be born by a fuck  
But was a wet dream scooped up in a spoon.

There once was a boy from Baclaridge  
And he was his parents disparage  
He sucked off his brother, and went down  
on his mother  
And ate up his sisters miscarriage.

There once was a pilot from K-2  
Who buggered a girl down in Taegu  
He said to the Doc, as she handed him  
his cock  
Will I lose both my testicles too.

There once was a man from Trieste  
Who loved his wife with a zest  
Despite all her howls, he sucked her  
bowels  
And deposited the mess on her breast.

In the garden of Eden sat Adam  
With his hand on the butt of his madam  
He chuckled with mirth, for he knew on  
this earth  
There were only two balls and he had 'em

There was an old hermit named Dave  
Who kept a dead whore in his cave  
He said I'll admit, I'm a bit of a shit  
But think of the money I'll save.

An Argentine Gaucho named Bruno  
Said fucking is one thing I do know  
All women are fine, and sheep are divine  
But llamas are numero uno.

There was a young man from New Brighton  
Who said my dear you've a tight one  
Said she pon my soul, you have the wrong  
hole  
It's the one up in front that's the right  
one.

There was a man from St James  
Who played must unusual games  
He lit a match, to his grandmothers  
snatch  
And laughed as she pissed through the  
flames.

There once was a man named McGruder  
Who wooed a nude Bermuda  
Now the nude thought it crude, to be  
wooed in the nude  
But McGruder was cruder, he screwed her

There was a young man from Kieth  
Who skinned back pricks with his teeth  
It wasn't for pleasure, he adopted the  
measure  
But for the cheese he found underneath.

There was a young lass named Alice  
Who peed in the Archbishops chalice  
It was not from relief, as was the belief  
But purely from protestant malice.

There was a young bishop from Birmingham  
Who diddled the nuns while confirmin' 'em  
He brought them indoors, slipped down  
their drawers  
And slipped his Episcopal worm in 'em

There was a young man from Nottingham  
Who stood on the bridge at Buckingham  
Just watching the stunts, of the cunts and  
the punts  
And the tricks of the pricks that were  
fuckingham

There was a young man from Kildair  
Who buggered his girl on the stairs  
The bannister broke, he doubled his stroke  
And finished her off in mid air.

There was a young queer from Khartuom  
Who took a young lesbian to his room  
They argued all night, as to who had the right  
To do what, with which, and to whom

There was a professor from the Mall  
Who possessed a cylindrical ball  
The cube root of its weight, plus his penis  
time eight  
Was four/fifths of five/eighths of fuck all.

There was a young girl from St Paul  
Who wore a newspaper dress to a ball  
Her dress caught on fire, and burned her  
entire  
Front page, sports section and all.

There was a young lady from Wheeling  
Who had a peculiar feeling  
She laid on her back, and tickled her crack  
And pissed all over the ceiling.

There was a young man from Nantucket  
Whose dick was so long he could suck it  
He said with a grin, as he wiped off his chin  
If my ear were a cunt I could fuck it.

Where once was a young man from Kent  
Whose dick was so long that it bent  
To save himself trouble, he put it in double  
And instead of coming, he went.

There once was a girl named Alice  
Who used a dynamite stick for a phallis  
They found her vagina, in South Carolina  
And a piece of her hymen in Dallas

There once was a girl from France  
Who boarded a train by chance  
The engineer fucked her, and so'd the conductor  
And the brakeman went off in his pants.

There once was a man from Bombay  
Who fashioned a cunt out of clay  
The heat of his prick, turned the clay into  
brick  
And rubbed all his foreskin away.

There once was a girl named Gail  
Between her tits was the price of her tail  
And on her behind, for the sake of the blind  
Was the same information in braille.

There once was a girl from the Azores  
Whose cunt was all covered with sores  
The dogs in the street, would not eat the  
green meat  
That hung in festoons from her drawers.

There was a young girl from Peru  
Who as the Bishop withdrew  
The Vicar is quicker, he's also a lick  
And considerably thicker than you.

There was a young priest from Dundee  
Who went in the garden to pee  
He said Pax Wo Biscum, I can't make the  
piss come  
I guess I've got C L A P.

There was a young girl named Myrtle  
Who was raped on the beach by a turtle  
The results of the fuck, was tow eggs and  
a duck  
Which proved that the turtle was fertile.

There was a young man from Brock  
Who tied a violin string to his cock  
With just one erection, he could play a  
selection  
From Johann Sebastian Bach.

There was a young lady from Ransom  
Who had it three times in a hansom  
When she cried for more, a voice from  
the floor  
Cried my name is Simpson, not Sampson.

There was a young lady from Twilling  
Who went to the dentist for a drilling  
But because of depravity, he filled the  
wrong cavity  
And now she's nursing her filling

#### JUST GIVE ME OPERATIONS (35)

Tune: Bless them all

Don't give me a P-38, the props they counter-  
rotate  
They've scattered and amitten from Burma to  
Britain  
Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:

Just give me operations  
Way out on some lonely atoll  
For I am too young to die  
I just want to grow old

Don't give me a P-39  
The engine is mounted behind  
They'll tumble and spin and auger you in  
Don't give me a P-39

Don't give me a P-51, it was alright for  
fighting the hun  
But with cooland tank dry, you'll run out of  
sky  
Don't give me a P-51

Don't give me a peter four oh, a hell of  
an airplane I know  
A ground loopin bastard, you're sure to  
get plastered  
Don't give me a peter four oh

Don't give me a P-61, for night flying  
is no fun  
They say it's a lark, but I'm scared of  
the dark  
Don't give me a P-61

Don't give me an F-84, she's just a  
ground loving whore  
She'll whine moan and wheeze and  
she'll clobber the trees  
Don't give me an F-84

Don't give me an old thunderbolt, it gave  
many a pilot a jolt  
It looks like a jug and it flies like a tu  
Don't give me an old thunderbolt

Don't give me a jet shooting star, it'll  
go, but not very far  
It'll rumble and spout, but soon will flame  
out  
Don't give me a jet shooting star

Don't give me an F-86, with wings like  
broken match sticks  
They'll zoom and they'll hover, but as  
for top cover  
Don't give me an F-86

Don't give me an F-89, Tho TIME says  
they'll really climb  
They're all in the States, all boxed up  
in crates  
Don't give me an F-89



Don't give me an F-94, it's never established  
a score

It may fly in weather, but won't hold together  
Don't give me an F-94

Don't give me an 86-D, with rockets radar and  
A/B

She's fast I don't care, she blows up in mid-  
air

Don't give me an 86-D

Don't give me a C-45, so slow it stalls out  
in a dive

A ground loop built in it, and bird colonels  
in it

Don't give me a C-45

Don't give me a C-54, six inches of rugs on  
the floor

And we'll go fat-cat'n, from here to Manhattan  
Don't give me a C-54

Don't give me a B-45, the pilots don't get  
back alive

The MIG-15s chase 'em, they soon will erase  
them

Don't give me a B-45

Don't give me a one-double-O, The bastard  
is ready to blow

The A/B is there, but you're saying a prayer  
Don't give me a one-double-O

Don't give me an F-102, it never goes up when  
it's blue

An all weather coffin, that flames out so often  
Don't give me an F-102

### THE COED AND THE CADET (36)

The Coed and the Cadet were courting I de-  
clare,

Down by the gate they didn't know that I  
was there

When the Coed she was bashful and Cadet he  
was shy,

He asked her if he could and this was her  
reply:

You can do it if you wanna  
But you'd better do it right,  
You'd better not do it  
Like you did the other night,  
Cause if you do, I'm telling you  
I'll never let you do it again  
I really mean it,  
I'll never let you kiss me again

### A MAN WITHOUT A WOMAN (37)

A man without a woman  
Is like a ship without a sail  
Is like a boat without a rudder  
Like a kite without a tail

A man without a woman  
Is like a shipwreck on the sand  
But if there's one thing worse in the univers  
It's a woman, I said a woman  
I mean a woman without a man

For you can roll a silver dollar  
Cross the bar room floor  
And it will roll, because it's round  
And a woman never knows what a good man she's  
got  
Until she turns him down

So honey listen, now honey listen to me  
I want you to understand  
That a silver dollar goes from hand to hand  
While a woman goes from man to man

POP GOES THE WEASEL (38)

(same tune)

Around and around the SAM site  
The missile chased the Weasel,  
The Weasel got pissed, the SAM got zapped,  
Pop goes the weasel.

Willey Peter showed us where  
to roll in to displease'em.  
One more pass with HEI,  
Pop goes the Weasel.

Lady fingers did their job,  
Did more than just tease'em,  
The Russian Techs got all pissed  
off  
Pop goes the Weasel.

We look around for SAM sites,  
We grab their balls and squeeze'em  
They show their ass, we shoot it off,  
Pop goes the Weasel.

THE LADY IN RED (39)

'Twas a cold winter's evening,  
the guests were all leaving  
O'leary was closing the bar,  
When he turned and he said to the lady in red  
"Get out, you can't stay where you are".  
She wept a sad tear in her bucket of beer  
As she thought of the cold night ahead  
when a gentleman dapper stepped out of the  
crapper  
and these are the words that he said:

Her mother never told her  
The things a young girl should know  
About the ways of Air Force men  
And how they come and go, mostly go....  
Now age has taken her beauty,  
and sin has left its sad scar  
So remember your mothers and sisters boys,  
and let her sleep under the bar.

HUMORESQUE (40)

Passengers will please refrain  
from flushing toilets while the train  
Is standing in the stations, I love you  
As we go strolling through the park  
And goosing statues in the dark  
If Sherman's horse can take it,  
why can't you.

You're the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots on the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
Ever since you met my daughter  
She's had trouble passing water  
Wish that you had never come to  
town.

I'm the guy that did the pushing  
Put the wet spots ~~on~~ ~~the~~ on the cushion  
Footprints on the dashboard upside down  
Since I met your daughter Venus  
I've had trouble with my penis  
Wish I'd never seen your goddamn  
town.

YOU'LL NEVER MIND (41)

Come and join the Air Force  
We're a happy band they say  
We never do a lick of work  
just fly around all day  
While others work and study  
and soon grow old and blind  
We take to the air without a care  
and you will never mind

CHORUS

You'll never mind, you'll never mind  
So come and join the Air Force  
and you will never mind

Come and get promoted  
As high as you desire  
You're riding on a gravy train  
If you're an Air Force flier  
And when you get to General, you will  
surely find  
Your wings fall off, the dough rolls  
in  
But you will never mind.

You rake it up and spin it  
And with an awful tear  
Your wings fall off, the ship spins in  
but you will never care  
For in about two minutes more  
another pair you'll find  
You'll dance with Pete in an angel's suit  
But you will never mind

While flying the Pacific  
You hear the engine spit  
You watch the tach come to a stop  
The God Damn thing has quit  
The ship won't float, and you can't swim  
The shore is far behind

Oh, what a dish for crabs and fish  
But you will never mind

While flying over Laos  
In a Thunderchief  
There's one thing to remember  
and that's my firm belief  
I've only got one engine, Jack  
and if that bastard quits  
It'll be up there all by itself  
Cause I will shit and git

And if some wily MIG 21  
should shoot you down in flames  
Don't sit around and bellyache  
and call the bastard names  
Just hit the silk, it's cream and milk  
and pretty soon you'll find  
There is no Hell and all is well  
And you will never mind

ODE TO A GREAT FUCKIN' SAR EFFORT (42)

(With apologies to "The Night Before Xmas")

One fine day, just last summer  
( 'twas prior to a raid)  
The jocks were hung over-  
from screwing the maid.

So with canopies open  
and heads hung in grief

Their sorrows were many  
Their crew rest too brief;

The mission commander  
By some marvelous feat  
Got them all to the Anchor - -  
Cycled through, then did meet

With those beautiful Thuds  
spread in "pod" - Quite a force!  
The Phantoms moved in  
Like the old Trojan Horse.

The MIGs had been scrambled,  
Were headed out east,  
But the gunners are hosing  
Eighty-fives at our beast!

"Why the hell should they hate me?  
I cried in dismay,  
"I'm egressing, you bastards,  
So play it my way!"

But my cry went unheeded  
As our bird took a hit;  
And I know there and then  
Things had just turned to shit.

Tho' my chances were nil  
There was fuck else to do  
But head for the Black  
with our whole fuckin' crew!

So in anger, and pissed,  
Did we drop the whole load  
On the cock-suckin' gunner's  
Kids, wife and abode!

There was no goddamn grief  
As I cried out with glee  
"Eat your heart out, you bitch,  
For you'll never get me!"

So with eighty per cent  
(that was all we could get)  
We headed for North Point  
With hopes of a TET.

But 'twas mostly in vain  
As we swung past the Red -  
I knew that my ass  
Was fuckin' near dead.

'Cause Yen Bay came alive  
Like the Fourth of July!  
The flak was so thick  
That I wanted to cry

As my two three and four  
Broke down, left, then right -  
Leaving us solo  
In the dwindling light.

"Well ol' buddy," my number one  
GIB says to me,  
"it looks like there's just  
Gonna be me and thee.

"And with your goddamn luck  
We should punch out at ten -  
So the rest of the fall  
We can take with a grin.

"For I just know goddamn well  
As I sit here in fright  
That both fuckin' chutes  
Were packed wrong last night!

"And I want you to know"  
he hastened to add,  
"That in case we don't make it -  
Please don't get mad!

"It isn't my fault  
That the pod didn't work -

I told you that twice,  
you dumb fuckin' jerk!

"A tank didn't feed;  
The doppler was short;  
(you said) we'll get our counter -  
No matter what!

"Well, you've got your first counter -  
It may be the last  
Unless this old whore  
Can take one more blast!"

Shut your trap, and eject!"  
Was the word of the day;  
So we punched, not at ten,  
But at two, so they say.....

"BROWN ANCHOR" (43)

Tune: Oh Susanna

The phone did ring at half past four  
For briefing I weren't there  
"Get your ass here right away  
You've been elected spare".

"Oh Brown Anchor"  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I was setting by the runway  
And feeling mighty low  
"Bear four, you've got a hydraulic leak  
I guess I'll have to go!"

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

I guess I told a little lie  
It probably wasn't fair  
It was my only chance to say,  
"Bear spare is in the air."

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
Oh, leader go home fast!

It was raining out when we took off  
Night weather we did fly  
We rendezvous at nineteen thou  
My tank were nearly dry

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

As we climbed out I had to fart  
My belly it did swell  
I had to put my mask back on  
I couldn't stand the smell

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

They're 12 o'clock at 5 miles  
You're cleared refueling freq  
"Tally-ho" our flight leader cried  
And head-on we did meet.

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"



We hung out at 14 thou  
The burner going strong  
The flak came flying by my bow  
We can't hang out here long.

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Oh I pulled off the target  
And for B.D.A. looked back  
I couldn't see the bomb burst  
For the son-of-a-bitchen' flak

Oh Brown Anchor  
With my two hour ass  
A Fahnestock Clip upon my dick  
"Oh, leader go home fast!"

Finally got my hundred flown  
To the states I'm flying back  
6 more hours on my ass  
And then into the sack

No more Brown Anchor  
For my two hour ass  
Get that clip right off my dick  
And jump in bed right fast.

I opened my hold baggage  
My wife she sure did flip  
I hope that she will understand  
I just adopted "Nip"

No more Brown Anchor  
For my two hour ass  
Get that clip right off my dick  
And jump in bed right fast

I rolled over with a sigh  
Bed springs were sagging low  
Put a mark upon the wall  
Only 99 to go.

No more Brown Anchor  
For my two hour ass  
Get that clip right off my dick  
And jump in bed right fast.

Though I had a Bravo frag  
As I jumped into bed  
It was a real tight target  
So I marked it up in red

No more Brown Anchor  
For my two hour ass  
Get that clip right off my dick  
And jump in bed right fast.

No more Brown Anchor  
For my two hour ass  
Get that clip right off my dick  
And jump in bed right fast.

#### DOWNTOWN (44)

When you got a belly full o' bravo's  
and shyspots you can always go --  
Downtown.

When you been drinkin' and "cancel"  
you're thinkin', you are sure to go --  
Downtown.

Listen to the music of the Fan Songs  
softly singing

Look and see the contrails of the  
MIGs so swiftly winging

Sweat out the booze.

The flak is much blacker there

It shakes up the pilots

It shakes up the bears

To go downtown  
Tried flying fast and slow  
Downtown  
Tried flying high and low  
Downtown  
Everything's shooting at you.

Look and see the airfields with their  
runways so inviting  
See the interceptors coming up to join  
the fighting  
Get out of here  
SAM's are much thicker there  
Come up in singles  
Come up in pairs  
Downtown  
Everything's waiting for you.

Just when it seems 100 come quickly,  
you can always go  
Downtown  
Somehow the feeling in your stomach gets  
sickly when you have to go  
Downtown  
Crew chiefs launch their aircraft with a  
pride and care amazing  
Proudly watch the Thunderchiefs, their  
afterburners blazing  
They're going again  
Our buddies are jailed up there  
We still remember and we still all care  
So we go  
Downtown  
Til it is o'er and done  
Downtown  
Til it is through and won  
Downtown  
Everything's waiting for you.

## RING DANG DOO (45)

When I was young and sweet sixteen  
I met a girl from New Orleans  
Oh she was young and pretty too  
She had what you call a ring-dang-doo

A ring-dang-doo, pray what is that  
It's round and soft like a pussy cat  
It's round and soft and split in two  
That's what you call a ring-dang-doo

She took me down into the cellar  
She said I was a very fine feller  
She gave me wine and whiskey too  
And she let me play with her ring-dang-doo

She took me up into her bed  
She placed a pillow beneath my head  
And then she took my hickey-floo  
And placed it in her ring-dang-doo

Now six months later she began to swell  
She swelled and swelled till she looked  
like hell  
She told her ma and her father too  
That I took a crack at her ring-dang-doo

Her father said you filthy whore  
You've gone and lost your maidens lore  
Pack up your bag and your nighty too  
And make your living from your ring-dang-  
doo

She went to the city to become a whore  
She hung a sign upon her door  
Five dollars now nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

And the fellers came and the fellers went  
And the price went down to fifteen cents  
Fifteen cents and nothing else will do  
To take a crack at my ring-dang-doo

AIR CORPS LAMENT (46)

Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

My eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the  
fighting sky.  
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for  
nothing but to fly.  
But now these hearts are grounded and those days  
are long gone by,  
The Force is shot to Hell.

CHORUS: Glory—flying regulations have them read  
at every station  
Crucify the man who breaks them  
The Force is Shot to Hell.

My bones have felt their pounding thump a hundred  
thousand strong  
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly  
wrong.  
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song,  
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS.

I have seen them in their Nickels when their eyes  
were dancing flame,  
I've seen their screaming high speed dives that  
blasted Hanoi's name,  
But now they just fly Sky Spots and hang their  
heads in shame,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

They flew their rugged Thunderchiefs through a  
living hell of flak  
And bloody dying pilots gave their lives to bring  
them back  
But now they all play Ping Pong in the Operations  
Shack  
The Force is Shot to Hell

Yes, the lordly Boeing Fortress and the  
Liberators, too  
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails  
in the blue,  
But now the skies are empty and our planes are  
wet with dew  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

You heard your pounding 50's blaze from wings  
of polished steel  
The purring of your Merlin was a song your  
heart could feel,  
But now the L-5 charms you with a moanin',  
groanin', squeal,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang  
the fighting song,  
About the wild blue yonder in the days when  
men were strong,  
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may  
do wrong,  
The Force is Shot to Hell.

Chorus:

We were cocky, bold and happy when we played  
the angel's game,  
We split the blue with buzzing and we rolled  
our way to fame,  
But know that's all VERBOTTEN and we're all to  
gash-darn tame,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

One day I buzzed an airfield with another reckless chap,  
We flew a hot formation with his wingtip in my lap,  
But there's a new directive and we'll have no more of  
that

The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Have you ever climbed a Thunderchief up to where  
the air is thin?  
Have you stuck her long nose down just to hear  
the screaming din?  
Have you tried to do it lately?  
Better not—you'll auger in,  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

Mine eyes get dim with tears when I recall the  
days of old  
When pilots took their choice of being old or  
"young and bold"  
Alas, I have no choice and I will live to be quite  
old,  
The Force is Shot to Hell.

CHORUS:

But smile awhile my pilot, though your eyes may  
still be wet  
Someday we'll meet in heaven where the rules have  
not been set,  
And God will show us how to buzz and roll and  
really let  
The Force is Shot to Hell

CHORUS:

#### FLAK SHOWERS (47)

Tune: April Showers

Although flak showers may come your way,  
They'll bring the panic, that makes you say  
"My fuel is BINGO, I'm going home  
So if you want to stay and fight you may  
stay and fight alone.  
I've added throttle, I'm on my way  
I'll live to come back some other day.  
So keep on straffing that position  
and knock it out for me  
I'm just a close supporter, can't you see.

#### MARY ANNE BURNS (48)

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits  
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice  
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits  
She's a great big Sonofabitch, twice as big as me  
Hairs 'round her ass like branches on a tree  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane  
drive a truck  
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me..

#### HERE'S TO \_\_\_\_\_ (49)

Here's to \_\_\_\_\_ he's true blue  
He's a drunkard through and through  
He's a drunkard so they say  
Oh, he tried to go to heaven  
But he went the other way  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug  
chug-a-lug  
So drink chug-a-lug, chug-a-lug,  
chug-a-lug.

SAVE A FIGHTER PILOT'S ASS (30)

Tune: Throw a Nickle on the Drum

It was midnight in Korea  
All the pilots were in bed  
When up stepped Colonel \_\_\_\_\_  
And this is what he said  
Sabres, gentle Sabres, Sabres one and all  
Pilots, gentle pilots, and all the pilots  
shouted BALLS  
When up stepped a young Lieutenant  
With a voice as harsh as brass  
You can take those God Damn Sabre Jets  
And shove them up your ass."

Chorus: Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a  
nickle on the grass  
Save a fighter pilot's ass  
Oh Halleluia, Oh Halleluia, Throw a  
nickle on the grass  
And you'll be saved

Cruising down the Yalu, doing six-twenty per  
There can a call from the Major, Oh won't  
you save me sir  
Got three big flak holes in my wings, my  
tanks ain't got no gas  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, got six MIGs on my  
ass

I shot my traffic pattern, to me it looked  
all right  
The air speed read one-thirty, my God I  
racked it tight  
The air frame gave a shudder, the engine  
gave a wheeze  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, spin instructions  
please

Oh, while rolling down the runway, and  
headed for the ditch  
I looked down at my prop, my God it's  
in high pitch  
I pulled back on the stick, and rose  
into the air  
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, how did I get  
there

The boys up from that other group, they  
think they are so hot  
They brag about the "Bluetails", that  
they've so often shot  
One thing they don't remember, when are  
they holler and hoot  
Is to look into their mirror, just before  
they shoot

I hear we're leaving Europe, they say  
we're going home  
They tell us no more wandering, never  
more we'll roam  
But the Colonels up at Langley, are  
planning on the sly  
Just where they're gonna send us, on our  
next TDY

I started on my take off, I thought the  
flaps were down  
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake  
craped the ground  
The General he smiled at me, he thought it  
was great fun  
But then I met the F.E.B., Chitose here I  
come

We flew our Sabres through the war, we  
flew them far and fast  
But when the war was over, we knew it couldn't  
last

CALL OUT THE RESERVES (51)

In peacetime the regulars are happy  
In peacetime they're happy to serve  
But let them get into a fracas  
They'll call out the Goddamn reserves

CHORUS

Call out, call out  
Call out the Goddamn reserves, reserves  
Call out, call out  
Oh, call out the Goddamn reserves

Here's to the regular Air Force  
They have such a wonderful plan  
They call up the Goddamn Reservists  
Whenever the shit hits the fan.

They call up every young man  
They call up every old jock  
The reservists are sent to Korat  
The regulars stay in Bangkok.

Here's to the regular Air Force  
With medals and badges galore  
If it weren't for the Goddamn Reservists  
Their ass would be dragging the floor.

VIRGIN STURGEON (52)

Tune: Ruben, Ruben

Caviar comes from a virgin sturgeon  
Virgin sturgeon is a very fine fish  
Virgin sturgeon needs no urgin'  
That's why caviar is my dish.

Shad roe comes from a scarlet shad fish  
Shad fish have a very sad fate  
Pregnant shad fish is a sad fish  
Got that way without a mate

Oysters they are fishy beavalves  
They have youngsters in their shell  
How they diddle is a riddle  
But they do, so what the hell.

The green sea turtle's mate is happy  
With her lover's winning ways  
First he grips her with his flipper  
Then he flips her and grips for days.

DA NANG LULLABY (53)

Tune: My Bonnie lies over the ocean

CHORUS:

Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in, roll in  
Roll in, roll in,  
My God how the mortars roll in.

I went off to Southeast Asia  
To fight my own war in the air.  
I've spent half my tour in a bunker,  
I don't think that its really fair.

Chorus:

Each day I go off to fly combat,  
Then have a beer when I return.  
I usually finish the first one,  
Before incoming rounds are heard.

Chorus:

continued

They sent our old instructors, to teach us  
all their tricks  
So now we're flying training, behind those  
dirty pricks

Letting down from forty-four, busting through  
the mach  
That Sabre Jet was moving now, falling like  
a rock  
My boom was aimed right at the field, there  
was an awful sound  
Since we're flying training now, I'm sitting  
on the ground

I started up into a loop, I thought that I  
was clear  
I pulled up under Colonel Blood, I thought  
the end was near  
I went before the F.E.B., and they gave me  
the works  
Glory, Glory, Halleluia, what a bunch of  
jerks

Strafin' on the panel, I made my pass too low  
There came a call from Melrose, "One more  
and home you go"  
I pulled that Sabre in the blue, she hit a  
high speed stall  
Now I won't see my mother, when the work's all  
done this fall

Now I'm in the gutter, with pretzels in my  
beer  
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end  
was near  
Then came this glorious Air Force, to save  
me from the worst  
Everybody bust a butt and sing the second  
verse

Fouled up my crosswind landing, the left  
wing hit the ground  
There came a call from the tower, pull up  
and go around  
I racked that Sabre in the air a dozen feet  
or more  
The engine quit, I almost shit, the gear  
came through the floor  
Split S onto my bomb run, I got God Damn  
low  
I pressed the bloody button, Let both my  
babies go  
I sucked the stick back in my gut, I hit  
a high speed stall  
How I won't see my mother when the works  
all done this fall

They sent me up to Pyongyang, the brief said  
"Shoshe ack ack"  
But by the time I got there, my wings were  
holed by flak  
My aircraft went into a spin, it would no  
longer fly  
Mayday, Mayday, Mayday, I am too young to  
die

I bailed out from that Sabre, my landing  
was top line  
With my E and E equipment, I made for our  
front line  
When I opened up my ration tin, to see what  
was in it  
The God Damn Quartermaster, had filled the  
thing with shit

Now in this Commie prison camp, I am obliged  
to sit  
For one cannot go very far, on a ration tin  
of shit  
If I am ever free again, I will no longer fly  
But I'll have Quartermaster bollix, for break-  
fast till I die



Each morning we go off to combat  
At dawn in the clouds, fog and rain.  
The Gyreens are up even sooner,  
To recapture the ramp at Da Nang.

Chorus:

And now my tour is all over  
I'll resume the life that I led.  
My wife thinks that its rather silly,  
To put sandbags around the bed.

Chorus:

BATTLE HYMN OF THE 85mm GUNNER (54)  
Tune: Battle Hymn of the Republic

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of  
the force  
And Uncle Ho has yelled and cussed and screamed  
till he is hoarse,  
"Go out and man your guns my boys, you have a job  
to do"  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHORUS:

Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
Gory, gory what a helluva way to die  
I don't want to fight no more,

Now as the Thuds are getting close, beside my  
gun I stand  
We all should feel quite proud to stand in defense  
of this land  
But getting my ass blown to bits is not what I  
call grand  
The Thuds are coming in.

There's 750's all around, the sky is full of shit  
And smoke and dust and arms and legs, don't like  
it one damn bit.  
If they miss me this last time I think that I  
shall quit,  
The Thuds are coming in.

Chorus:

We got hit and now are down below in Commie hell  
Each day they scare up pissless in a way we know  
so well  
Our Commie Satin he stands up, you hear that  
bastard yell  
The Thuds are coming in.

CHICKEN SONG (55)

We had some chickens, no eggs ~~they lay~~ would  
they lay  
We had some chickes, no eggs would they lay  
My wife said, honey, it's striking me funny  
We're losing money, no eggs would they lay.  
One day a rooster flew into the yard  
and caught the poor chickens completely off guard.  
They're laying eggs now, just like they used to,  
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.  
Ever since that rooster, flew into the yard.

THE LITTLE BIRD (56)

There once was a bird, no bigger than a turd  
A sitten on a telegraph pole  
He stuck out his neck and he shit about a pack  
as he puckered bup his little asshole  
Asshole, asshole, asshole, asshole,  
As he puckered up his little asshole.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW (57)

Oh, I am a bachelor, I live all alone  
I work at the weaver's trade  
and the only, only thing that I ever did wrong  
was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the summer time  
part of the winter too,  
And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong  
was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside  
As I lay fast asleep,  
This pretty, pretty maid  
Knelt by my bedside  
And there she began to weep.  
She wept, she cried  
She damn near died  
Alas, what could I do  
So I took her into bed  
And covered up her head  
Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year has gone by  
Still a bachelor am I.  
And I work at the weaver's trade  
Comes a-knocking at my door  
It's a voice I've heard before,  
It's the voice of the fair young maid.  
She handed me a little one  
She said, "What can I do"?  
So I took him into bed  
Just to cover up his head  
Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now I am a bachelor, I live with my son  
We work at the weaver's trade  
And every, every time I look into his eyes  
He reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time,  
Part of the summer too,  
Of the many, many times that I gazed into her eyes  
to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

I USED TO WORK IN CHICAGO (58)

I used to work in Chicago, in a department store  
I used to work in Chicago, I did but I don't  
any more  
A lady came in, she asked for a hat  
I asked her what kind she wanted  
Felt she said, so felt her I did  
I did, but I don't work there any more.

Cake-layer

Lamp-Floor

Food-Pet

Birds-Love

Glue-Paste

Scarf-Neck

Cream-Massage

Girdle-Rubber

Razor-Injector

SEXUAL LIFE OF A CAMEL (59)

The crew they all ride in the dory  
The captain he rides in the gig  
It don't go a damn bit faster,  
But it makes the old bastard feel big.

Chorus:

Singing toraly toraly toraly A  
Toraly toraly A  
It don't go a damn bit faster  
But it makes the old bastard  
feel big.

The sexual life of a camel  
Is greater than anyone thinks  
In moments of amorous passion  
He often makes love to the sphinx

Now the sphinx's posterior organs  
Are blocked by the sands of the Nile  
Which accounts for the hump on the camel  
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile.

Exhaustive experimentation!  
By Darwin and Huxley and Hall  
Has proved that the ass of a hedgehog  
can be buggered at all.

Oh why don't the boys down at Harvard  
Do like the boys at Yale  
They pull all the quills from the hedgehog  
So it's easy to grab by the tail.

Here's to the girls of North Adams  
And here's to the streets that they  
    roam  
And here's to their dirty faced bastards  
God bless them, they may be our own.

Here's to old fort Massachusetts  
And here's to the old Mohawk trail  
And here's to those Indian maidens  
They gave us our first piece of tail.

UNCLE GEORGE & AUNTIE MABEL (60)

Tune: Hark the Herald Angels Sing

Uncle George & Auntie Mabel, fainted  
at the breakfast table,  
This should be sufficient warning,  
never do it in the morning

Ovalteen has set them right, now  
they do it every night  
Uncle George is hoping soon, to do  
it in the afternoon.  
A.....men.

INTO THE AIR 69ERS (61)

Into the air 69ers, into the air upside down  
Into the air 69ers, set your sights and let's  
go down, we'll all go down.  
And when we see those bastard Commies  
And when we make them shit a pound,  
you can bet those 69ers, are all going down.

Into the air 69ers, On to your back  
"soisante-neuf"  
We'll blast those MIGs, 69ers  
And watch their ass go Poof, Poof, Poof  
And when you see those "golf balls" flying  
And the flak begins to blast,  
You can bet the 68ers  
Will bite 'em in the ass!

TING-A-LING (62)

Beside a Laotian waterfall  
One bright and sunny day  
Beside his shattered Thunderchief  
A young pursuitor lay.

His parachute hung from a tree  
He was not yet quite dead  
So listen to the very last words  
This young pursuitor said:

I'm going to a better land  
Where everything is right  
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles  
There's poker every night.  
There's not a fucking thing to do  
But sit around and sing  
Were girls are really women  
Oh, death were is thy sting.

Oh, death were is thy sting-a-ling-a-ling  
Oh, death were is thy sting  
The bells of hell will ring-a-ling-a-ling  
For you but not for me... so:

Ting-a-ling-a-ling, blow it out your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out  
your ass  
Ting-a-ling-a-ling-ling, blow it out  
your ass  
Better days are coming bye and bye!

BANG IT INTO LULU (63)

Some girls work in factories  
Some girls work in stores  
My girls work in a knockin' shop  
With forty other whores.

Chorus: Bang it into Lulu  
Bang it good and strong  
What'll we do for banging  
When Lulu's dead and gone.

Wish I was a Pisspot  
Under Lulu's bed  
Every time she stooped to pee  
I'd see her maidenhead.

Wish I was a finger  
On Lulu's little hand  
Every time she wiped her ass  
I'd see the promised land.

Lulu had a baby  
She had it on a rock  
She couldn't call it Lulu  
'Cause the bastard had a cock.

Lulu had a baby  
She named it Sonny Jim  
She threw it in the pisspot  
To teach it how to swim.

Last time I saw Lulu  
I haven't seen her since  
She was suckin' off a tiger  
Through a barbed wire fence.

IN-FLIGHT REFUELING (64)

Tune: Strawberry Roan

Oh come fighter pilots, both young and old  
And I'll tell you a story, that'll make you turn cold  
A story of tankers, and a flight out to sea  
And I hate to tell you what they did to me.

Oh we took off for Brown, oh so early one morn  
The weather was balmy, but not really warm  
We soon left the coast line, and headed to sea  
And for the last time land I did see.

Oh we flew on for hours, it seemed like more  
We flew and we flew, till my butt it got sore  
And we finally got to that far from land  
Where there were supposed to be tankers at hand.

But yes, you have guessed it, no one was there  
Nothing around, but ocean and air,  
We called and we called, but it was in vain  
There was nobody out there to refuel my plane.

Oh we circled and circled, and hollered for gas,  
The pain was beginning to leave my ass,  
T'was beginning to pucker, and turn a dull hue  
When finally a tanker came into view.

Well bygones were bygones, and we didn't bitch,  
We just latched onto, that son of a bitch  
Who ho, called the scanner, "It's under your wing,  
If you don't hook up, you likely will ding!"

Well I stabbed and I stabbed, and I stabbed some more,  
But I couldn't hit, that dirty old whore,  
I looked at my gas gauge, and it was down low,  
I backed off again, and tried it real slow.

So I tried it real slow boys, but that didn't work,  
I tried again fast, what a hell of a jerk,  
The funnel it hit me, one hell of a blow,  
As I looked at the cold water down there below.

I looked at that water, so cold and so chilled  
And I thought to myself, I'll soon be killed  
So I'd better hook up, and take on some fuel  
Cause that water below looks uncomfortably cool.

So I finally did it, I hit that damn hose  
I hit that old funnel, right square on the nose  
The engineer said, "Sir, you're taking on fuel",  
But the bastard was lying, the dirty old fool.

I called that damn scanner, said, "Turn on the gas,  
I can't wait much longer, or I'll bust my ass."  
He looked up from his paper, and said with a grin,  
"You know there are days, sir, when you just can't win".

That's the end of my story, I'm sorry to say,  
That old F-105 lies out in the bay,  
But I'll have my vengeance, you can bet you life,  
Cause there's one tanker pilot, that I'm going to knife.

DIRTY LIL (65)

Dirty Lil, Dirty Lil  
Lives on top of garbage hill,  
Never bathed,  
Never will,  
Ach! Ptui! Dirty Lil.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY (66)

Parties make the world go round:  
World go round, world go round  
Parties make the world go round  
So lets have a party.

RAY= SHIT HOT

We're going to tear down the bar in our club.-- BOO  
We're gonna build a NEW bar RAY

It's gonna be a foot wide BOO  
But it'll be a mile long RAY

There'll be no bartenders in our bar BOO  
We're gonna have BARMAIDS RAY

Our barmaids will wear long dresses BOO  
Made of CELLOPHANE RAY

You can't take our barmaids home BOO  
They'll take YOU home RAY

You can't sleep with our barmaids BOO  
They won't let you sleep RAY

Beer's gonna be 50 cents a glass BOO  
Whiskey free Ray

Only one to a customer BOO  
Served in buckets RAY

WE're gonna throw all the beer in BOO  
the river RAY  
Then we'll all go swimming

No girls allowed above the first floor BOO  
With their clothes on RAY

There'll be no loving on the dancing floor BOO  
And no dancing on the LOVING floor RAY

FRIGGING IN THE RIGGING (67)

Board the good ship Venus  
My God you should have seen us  
The figurehead was a whore in bed,  
And the mast a rampant penis

Chorus:

Friggin in the riggin, friggin in the riggin  
Friggin in the riggin, There's fuck all else  
to do.

The captain of his linger  
He was a dirty bugger,  
He wasn't fit to shovel shit  
From one place to another

The first mate's name was Morgan  
By God he was a gorgon,  
Ten times a day he used to play  
Upon his sexual organ

The Second Mate's name was Andy  
He was so young and randy  
They boiled his bun in steaming rum  
For coming in the brandy

The Midshipman's name was Nipper  
He was a dirty ripper  
He filled his ass with broken glass  
To circumcise the skipper

The Captain's wife was Mable  
When ever she was able  
She'd fornicate with the Second Mate  
Upon the gallery table

The Captain had a daughter  
Who fell into the water,  
Delighted squeals revealed that eels  
Had found her sexual quarter.

SPANISH GUITAR (68)

Oh the first port of call it was Aden, Aden  
Where the girls wouldn't screw but we made them

Chorus:

Two dollars I pay, for a bang up each way  
and a tune on a Spanish guitar, Plink-plink-plink  
Singing hi-ziggy-ziggy, fuck a little piggy

Sideways: swish-swish

My idea of a woman is a big fat whore

Shit-bag: Fuck-stick

Two dollars I pay, for a bang up each way  
and a tune on a Spanish Guitar, Plink-plink-plink

...The next port of call it was Boston, Boston  
Where I screwed a girl named Austin

...The next port of call it was Malta, Malta  
Where girls wouldn't screw but they ought ta

SHANTY TOWN (69)

There's a shanty in the town on a little  
plot of ground  
With the green grass growin all around,  
all around  
The roofs so worn so badly torn that it  
tumbles to the ground  
Just a tumble down shack and it's built way  
back  
!Bout twenty-five feet from the railroad  
track  
Lingers on my mind most all of the time  
Keeps calling me back to my little grass  
shack  
I'd be just as sassy as Haile Selassie  
If I were a king wouldn't mean a thing  
Put my boots on tall read the writting on  
the wall  
And it wouldn't mean a thing, not a God-  
damned thing

There's a queen waiting there in a rocking  
chair  
Just blowing her top on Gaitors beer  
I'm looking all around and trucking on down  
'Cause I gotta get back to my shanty town.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL (70)

A pilot told me before he died  
And I don't think the bastard lied  
That he had a girl with a cunt so wide  
That she could never be satisfied

So he fashioned up a bloody great wheel  
Two brass balls and a prick made of steel  
The two brass balls were filled with cream  
And the Whole fucking issue was driven  
by steam

Round and round went the bloody great wheel  
In and out went the prick of steel  
Until at last that maiden cried  
Enough, enough, I'm satisfied

Now we come to the bitter bit  
There was no way of stopping it  
She was split from her ass to her tit  
And the whole fucking issue was covered  
with shit



THOSE WEDDING BELLS ARE BREAKING UP (71)

Not a soul down on the corner  
It's a pretty certain sign  
Those wedding bells are breaking up  
That old gang of mine

All the boys are singing love songs  
They've forgot Sweet Adeline  
Those wedding bells are breaking up  
That old gang of mine

There goes Jack, there goes Jill  
Down through lovers lane  
Now and then, we meet again  
But they don't seem the same

Gee I get that lonesome feeling  
When I hear those church bells chime  
Those wedding bells are breaking up  
That old gang of mine

DOODLE-LEE-DO (72)

Please sing to me that sweet melody  
Called Doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
I like the rest, but the part I like best  
Is doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Simplest thing, there isn't much to it  
All you got to do is doodle-lee-doo it  
I love it so, wherever I go  
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Two little lovers, under the covers  
What'll they do, doodle-lee-doo  
I would suggest that they should undress  
and doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Cherries are red, ready for plucking  
I'm sixteen and I'm ready for high school  
I love it so wherever I go  
I doodle-lee-doo

Please do to me what you did to Marie  
Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
It must have been real, cause I heard  
Marie squeal  
Last Saturday night, Saturday night  
Don't know what, what you were doing  
Someone said you were doodle-lee-dooing  
I love it so, wherever I go  
I doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

Miss Emma Snow went out on a show  
Called doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
She made a hit just playing her bit  
In doodle-lee-doo, doodle-lee-doo  
Twenty-four hours, that's all there was to it  
How in this world did she doodle-lee-doo it  
She got a Rolls Royce, but not by her voice  
But doodle-lee-doodle-lee-doo

FIGHTER PILOTS (73)

Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh there are no fighter pilots down in hell  
Oh that place is full of queers, navigators,  
bombardiers  
But there are no fighter pilots down in hell

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states  
They are off on foreign shores, making mothers  
out of whores  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the states

Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan  
They are all across the bay, getting shot  
at every day  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in Japan

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray  
Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray  
They are all in USO's wearing ribbons,  
fancy clothes

Oh there are no fighter pilots in the fray

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce  
Oh the bomber pilots life is just a farce  
The automatic pilot's on, reading novels in  
the john

Oh the bomber pilot's life is just a farce

Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare  
His gyros are uncaged, and his women overaged  
Oh the bomber pilot never takes a dare

Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing  
The place is full of brass, sitting round  
on their fat ass  
Oh there are no fighter pilots up in wing

Oh it's naughty naughty naughty but it's nice  
If you ever do it once you'll do it twice  
It'll wreck your reputation, but increase  
the population  
Oh it's naughty naughty naughty, but it's nice.

Oh look at the 388th in the club  
Oh look at the 388th in the club  
They don't party, they won't sing,  
355th does everything  
Oh look at the 388th in the club

When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
When a bomber jockey walks into our club  
He don't drink his share of suds, all he  
does is flub his did  
OH THERE ARE NO FIGHTER PILOTS DOWN IN HELL

## KATHUSELEM (74)

In ancient days there lived a maid  
Who used to ply a filthy trade  
A prostitute of ill repute  
The harlot of Jeruselem

Chorus:

Hi Ho Kathuselem the harlot of  
Jeruselem  
Prostitute of ill repute, the daughter  
of the Rabbi

Kathuselem's cunt was round and red  
For forty years it had not bled  
It smelled as though it had been dead  
Since the founding of Jeruselem

Now Kathuselem was a wiley witch  
A god damn fucking son of a bitch  
And every pecker that had the itch  
Had dangled in Kathuselem

Next door there lived a fiant tall  
His prick of steel could smash a wall  
His balls hung down like basketballs  
The giant of old veruselem

One night returning from a spree  
A quite consistant jubilee  
His balls hung well below his knee  
He chanced to cross Kathuselem

And so he challanged her to fuck  
And wishing her the best of luck  
He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook

He led her to a shady nook  
And there unfurled his mighty hook  
For forty yards it throbbed and shook  
The walls of old Jeruselem

This giant of old was underslung  
He missed her cunt and hit her bung  
And with his giant pecker stung  
The pride of all Jeruselem

Kathuselem she knew her art  
She cocked her ass and blew a fart  
She blew him like a bloody dart  
Through the walls of old Jeruselem

#### ACE IN THE HOLE (75)

Oh the world is full of guys, who think  
they're mighty wise  
Just because they know a thing or two  
You can see them night and day strolling  
up and down broadway  
Telling of the things that they can do  
Oh there are wise men and there are boozers  
Con men and crap shooters, they all hang  
around the Metropole  
Wearing fancy ties and collars, where do  
they get those dollars  
They all have that ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks, for  
coin  
that's their old ace in the hole  
Others have girls on the old tender-loin  
That's their old ace in the hole  
They'll tell you of places that they're  
going to see  
From Frisco to the old north pole  
But their name would be mud, like a chump  
playing stud  
If they lost that old ace in the hole

#### TITANIC (76)

Oh, they built the ship Titanic, and when  
they had it through  
They thought they had a ship, that the  
water would never come through  
But the lord almighty's hand, said the ship  
would never land  
It was sad when that great ship went down

#### Chorus:

Oh it was sad, Oh it was sad  
It was sad when that great ship  
went down  
To the bottom of the..  
Husbands and Wives, ittie bittie  
children lost their lives  
It was sad when that great ship  
went down

T'was on a tuesday morn, they were nearing  
England's shore  
And the rich refused to associate with  
the poor  
So they put the poor below where they  
were the first to go  
It was sad when that great ship went down

They were nearing England's shore and  
were heading for the dock  
When the old ship Titanic began to reel  
and rock  
Oh the captain tried to wire, but the  
wire was on fire  
It was sad when that great ship went down

Then the ship began to list, and the lights  
began to flicker  
And a drunk cried out, my God where is my  
likker  
So they brought out the bottle and they passed  
it all around  
It was sad when that great ship went down

They swung the lifeboats out, o'er the dark  
and stormy sea  
And the band struck up with Nearer My God  
To Thee  
Little children wept and cried as the waves  
swept over the side  
It was sad when that great ship went down

SAMMY SMALL (S.E.A. STYLE ) (77)

Oh come 'round us fighter pilots  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh come 'round us fighter pilots  
Fuck 'em all,  
Oh we fly the Dad Damn plane  
Through the flak and through the rain  
And tomorrow we'll do it again  
So fuck 'em all

Oh they tell us not to think  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they tell us not to think  
Fuck 'em all,  
Oh they tell us not to think  
Just to dive and just to jink  
L.B.J.'s a God Damn fink  
So fuck 'em all

Oh we bombed Mugia pass  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we bombed Mugia pass  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we bombed Mugia pass  
Though we only made one pass  
They really stuck it up our ass  
So fuck 'em all

Oh we're on a J.C.S.,  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we're on a J.C.S.  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh they sent the whole damn wing  
Probably half of us will sing  
What a silly fucking thing  
So fuck 'em all.

Oh we lost our fucking way  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we lost our fucking way  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh we strafed God Damn Hanoi  
Killed every fucking girl and boy  
What a God Damn fucking joy  
So fuck 'em all

Oh my bird got all shot up  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh my bird got all shot up  
Fuck 'em all  
Oh my bird it did get shot  
And I'll probably cry a lot  
But I think that it's shit hot  
So fuck 'em all

While I'm swinging in my chute  
fuck 'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute  
fuck 'em all  
While I'm swinging in my chute  
Comes this silly fucking toot  
And hangs a medal on my root  
So fuck 'em all

BATTLE HYMN: (78)

We fly our fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly our fucking Thuds through the rain and  
snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying south  
We're flying fucking north  
And we make our fucking landfall on the firth  
of fucking forth.

Chorus: Glory, Glory Hallelujah.  
Glory, Glory Hallelujah. Glory,  
Glory Hallelujah, '(insert last line of each verse).

We fly those fucking Thuds at fuck all 1,000 feet  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the trees and  
corn and wheat  
And though we think we fly with skill  
We fly with fucking luck  
But we don't give a fucking damn or care a  
fucking fuck.

We fly those fucking Thuds at 10,000 fucking feet  
We fly those fucking Thuds through the rain and  
snow and sleet  
And though we think we're flying up  
We're flying fucking down  
And we bust our fucking asses when we hit the  
fucking ground.

THREE WHORES FROM CANADA JUNCTION: (79)

Three whores walked down from Canada Junction  
Full of brandy and wine  
The topic of conversation was  
Your cunts no bigger than mine.

Chorus: Roly poly tickle my holey  
Slippery slimey slue  
Rattle your nuts across my guts  
I'm one of the whorey crew.

The first old whore got up and said  
My cunt's as big as the air  
The birds fly in and the birds fly out  
And never touch a hair.

The second old whore got up and said  
My cunt's as big as the moon  
A man went in in January  
And didn't come out till June.

NO BALLS AT ALL: (80)

There once was a girl named Sara McFox  
With hair on her chest and cheese in her box  
She married a man named Patrick McCall  
With a very short peter and no balls at all.

Chorus; No balls at all  
No balls at all  
A very short peter and no balls at all.

The very first night that they were wed  
They took off their clothes and went straight  
to bed  
She reached for his pecker, it was very small  
She reached for his balls, he had no balls at  
all

Now mother dear mother oh what shall I do?  
I've married a man who never can screw  
I reached for his pecker, it was very small  
I reached for his balls, he had no balls at all

Oh daughter dear daughter don't be sad  
It was the same trouble I had with your dad  
There's many a man who will come to the call  
Of the wife of a man who has no balls at all

The daughter want home, took her mother's advice  
And found the results most exceedingly nice  
A bouncing young baby was born in the fall  
To the wife of the man who had no balls at all.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME: (81)

Show me the way to go home, dear Lord  
I'm tired and I want to go to bed  
Well, I had a little drink about an hour ago  
And it went right to my head  
Wherever I may roam  
O'er land or sea or foam  
You will always hear me singing this song  
Show me the way to go home.

MARY ANNE BURNS: (82)

Mary Anne Burns is the queen of all the acrobats  
She can do tricks that would give a man the shits  
She can roll green peas off her fundamental orifice  
Do a double flip and catch them on her tits  
She's a great big Sonofabitch, twice as big as me  
Hair's 'round her ass like branches on a tree  
She can swim, fish, fight, fuck, fly a plane,  
drive a truck  
Mary Anne Burns is the girl for me.

AIR FORCE SONG: (83)

Off we go, into the wild blue yonder  
Climbing high, into the sun  
Here they come zooming to meet our thunder  
At 'em boys, give her the gun.  
Down we dive, spouting our flame from under,

Off with one hell of a roar,  
We live in fame, or go down in flame,  
Nothing can stop the U.S. Air Force.

Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
the vastness of the sky.  
To a friend we send a message of  
His brother men who fly,  
We drink to those who gave their all of old  
As down we roar to score the rainbow's pot  
of gold  
Here's a toast to the host of those who boast  
the U.S. Air Force.